

The Poor Soldier.

A Song from that Entertainment.

Patrick.

A rose tree in full bearing,
 Had sweet flowers fair to see ;
 One rose, bevond comparing,
 For beauty, attracted me.
 Tho' eager then to win it,
 Lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay,
 I find a canker in it,
 And now throw it far away,

Norah.

How fine this morning early,
 All sun-shiny, clear, and bright ;
 So late I lov'd you dearly,
 Tho' lost now each fond delight.
 The clouds seem big with showers,
 Sunny beams no more are seen ;
 Farewell ye fleeting hours,
 Your falshood has chang'd the scene.

DUET. How fine, &c.